

College Cheer

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XIII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1920.

NO. 4.

St. Joe Edges Out Brook 26--22.

FIRST GAME A CLOSE VICTORY.

St. Joe opened its basketball season with a 26 to 22 victory over Brook H. S. Brook rather surprised our squad as such strong opposition was not expected. The first half St. Joe had the ball in its possession most of the time, but things took a sudden turn in the second session of the game and began to look mighty gloomy for a little while. In spite of this St. Joe held the lead throughout the game. Excitement reigned supreme during the larger part of the second half and the report of the pistol brought an end to the fears entertained by the interested spectators.

Scheidler started things by tossing in the first basket of the season.. Two free throws and a field goal by O'Brien coupled with two neat ringers by Cox gave St. Joe a start of ten points. Time was then called, but after play was resumed Brook seemed to have picked up a little and as a result made their first basket. During the last few minutes of the first half Baunach was substituted for Curl; Baunach taking center and Scheidler back guard. The half ended with St. Joe ten points ahead, the score being 17 to 7.

Brook started the second half with a rush. St. Joe managed to cool them down for a short time, but Brook did not ease up, for soon three baskets had been tallied, together with a foul, making the score 18 to 14. Things now looked bad for the home team, but Cox let loose with one that put pep into the gang and for a while they held Brook scoreless. Soon, however, Vandervoort again started the ball rolling by throwing a clean one from the middle of the floor. Laux was then sent in to replace Arnold, and B. Lyons for Mathers who was disqualified for rough playing. Laux seemed to bring into the game with him his peppy spirit and for a time the Saints had everything their own way, meanwhile O'Brien scoring two points. Brook now scored their last basket of the game. With the score 24 to 22 and three fourths of a minute to play, Curl was ushered back into the fray amid the cheers of the excited spectators. They knew that the game was now ours because Curl had previously demonstrated his guarding ability. Laux was not to be left out of the scoring no matter how much time remained for play, for he immediately sent one soaring through the air that spelled certain victory for St. Joe.

Scheidler and Cox were the star performers for St. Joe, Scheidler for his close guarding, Cox for his ability to find the basket. O'Brien, our snappy little guard, seemed lax in some respects, nevertheless he was there with the goods when the crit-

WORK STARTED ON NEW CHAPEL ORGAN.

Finally the old organ in the chapel choir loft is about to go to its resting place. Whether this will be a scrap heap or a dusty corner in an attic we do not know, but with grateful hearts we chant "well done, thou good and faithful music-maker" and turn to bid welcome to a new instrument.

A year or so ago a proposition was set on foot by a very kind benefactor of the college to obtain an organ that would be truly worthy of a chapel such as ours. The condition was that the benefactor would furnish a certain sum if the college would raise a like amount. The idea was met with enthusiasm and quite a bit of success.

Several months ago a sufficient sum was on hand to warrant the continuance of the project. The Rev. President together with two able assistants visited many of the well known organ-builders in search of an instrument that would be thoroughly practicable for the conditions. After much deliberation it was decided that the organ was to be built by the Votteler, Holtkamp Sparkling Co. of Cleveland, Ohio. It is to be of the most modern type, and will be entirely enclosed in three large expression chambers which are now being erected in the choir loft.

To a late date the exact size of the organ had not been determined due to lack of funds which the President hopes some good angel will be kind enough to supply.

It has been planned to have the installation complete by the middle of January, but it may take much longer because of the unsettled condition of transportation, etc.

There will be a gala day when the organ is formally dedicated. With the melodious strains of a new organ present, nothing will then be lacking to make ours one of the finest college chapels in the country.

THE NEWMAN CLUB ENTERTAINS.

Much to the surprise of all, the Newman Club gave a very fine program on December 8th. In spite of the fact that the participants were never very much in public before, great credit is due them for the earnest efforts put forth. Much talent, that heretofore has been latent, has at length had a chance to manifest itself, while the dramatic ability that was displayed needs just a little more coaching to make it show up on quite a high level. In an effort to please all, much trouble was undergone and many pains were endured. Abilities of every sort were in review and no little is to be expected from the society in future.

ical moment came. Vandervoort and Kershman were the stars for Brook, for both these men made their shots count. The game showed that St. Joe needed more consistent pass work and more stamina. Steadier playing ought to bring about better results for the coming games, especially for the one with the Y. M. P. C. Dec. 21. The lineup for the game was as follows:

ST. JOE		BROOK H. S.
Cox	F.	Park
Arnold	F.	Vandervoort
Scheidler	C.	Lawrence
O'Brien	G.	G. Lyons
Curl	G.	Mathers

Substitutions: St. Joe: Baunach for Curl, Laux for Arnold, Curl for Baunach. Brook: B. Lyons for Mathers, Kershman for Park.

Field goals: Cox 5, O'Brien 3, Scheidler 2, Laux 1; Park 2, Vandervoort 4, Kershman 3, B. Lyons 2.

Free throws: O'Brien 4 out of 9; G. Lyons 2 out of three.

Basketball Dope.

Basketball enthusiasm is once more the favorite sport among the students; all we now hear discussed is the ability of those who have been chosen to represent their Alma Mater, or the chances of the other aspirants to make the team. We now have a coach who has all the requirements that it takes to pick and drill a team into winning shape. Mr. Geo. P. Hironimus, a former army coach, now holds that position being well experienced and as a competent judge has selected the best material. The team is responding to a "T". In their first attempt with Brook High a wonderful bit of action was displayed. This, no doubt, was due to the influence of the coach and of the standby in cheering. Fame and honor will shower upon the head of St. Joe if but the proper support is given by the spectators.

The following have been chosen as the representing quintet: O'Brien, Jas., Capt.; Cox, P. J.; Scheidler, Ed.; Laux, E.; Curl, R. The subs that will support the regulars are: Arnold, S.; Collins, D.; and Dunkel, L. With these St. Joe hopes to weave fresh laurels into its crown.

A Fool There Was.

I wonder why the hours go by
And leave me as prone to cry:
"Come back! the most I have spent
In idle talk of discontent,
In murmuring of what may be
The greatest joy left to me."

I wonder why I hesitate
To grasp the bounties that await
My readiness. An empty hand
A vain regret — and here I stand
And marvel why I miss so much
Of all that lies within my touch.

A Noted Visitor.

St. Joe was agreeably surprised on December 9th by a visit of the famous Paddy Driscoll. He dropped in rather on chance, but we feel ourselves highly elated by the complement of his presence. He happened to be in Rensselaer for the purpose of coaching the Independent football team for a game with the crack Morocco eleven. Finding that he was so close to St. Joe and accepting the invitation of our basket ball coach he came out. The basket ball squad was just practicing and he gave them some pointers together with a general chat on the various phases of the game.

Mr. Driscoll is well known throughout the country as one of the best all around authorities on sports. He started his career at Northwestern University. During the war he played on the Great Lakes' quintet and last year we heard much of him and his clever work on the Red Crowns. His professional football ability is on a level with his record in basket ball. We were glad to hear that the team he coached in Rensselaer gave a good account of themselves and their mentor by taking Morocco across in a closely contested game.

Faulty Pronunciation.

Should a pupil in the grades attempt to pronounce all the letters in "toward" he would certainly be corrected by the teacher, and if it happened to be in the upper grades, he would get the he-haws from every side. It is a word with a pronunciation "all its own." Much as its mispronunciation is out of place in the grades, so much the more so in higher schools and especially at college. Yet it is heard at every turn, while years in college seem to have nothing to do with its correction, and — what is far worse —, there are about three dozen simple words just as miserably mispronounced. The following are some of the many, and their correct pronunciation. Forehead is pronounced for'ed, extraordinary — extror'dinary. The "t" in epistle and often is silent. Athlete has but two syllables. It should not, therefore, be pronounced ath-a-lete, just as athletics should not be pronounced ath-a-letics. In architect the c is hard. Characteristic is accented on the second last syllable, characterize on the first, but in neither word is the r joined to the syllable. Hence cha-rac-ter-ize no matter where the accent is placed, is incorrect. Exquisite and obligatory are accented on the first syllable; romance, and mankind (meaning the whole human race) on the last syllable. Notice that the final letter of attack is a k and not a 't. That there is such a word as renascence behoves one to think twice before he accuses another of mispronouncing renaissance, more commonly spoken of as The Renaissance. Americans, above all Webster, prefer to pronounce valet .. Val'ett, short a and short s, although the French pronunciation is permissible.

The above are only a few of the many common words mispronounced. In the English language there are almost innumerable 'foolers'. Mistakes will occur but he who continually mistakes the above listed words, with each offence proclaims to all his profound lack of observation, his carelessness, or ignorance, as the case may be.

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Saturday, December 18, 1920.

EDITORIALS.**Greetings of the Season.**

The Cheer wishes to extend to all its readers and advertisers the sincerest greetings of the season. A Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with our whole hearts is the spirit of our greeting. In these days of hustle and bustle there is one time of the year that men stop and think of each other and we are now in that season of the year. Christmas for the youngster means bright and pretty toys, for the college student, vacation at home, for the man of business a general rush, yet amid these varieties of temperaments there is that universal spirit of gladsome tidings and good fellowship. "Lives there a man with heart so hard that never to his neighbor hath said, 'Merry Christmas'?" Very few, we believe, for the spirit is irresistible; it is a part of man's make-up to be joyful and kind on that great day, the commemoration of the coming of the greatest Gift to man. Again we say may yours be the choicest of all good and sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New Year!

Rumors.

If there is anything that will stir up the mind and fill it with excitement it is a rumor. One of the greatest peculiarities about rumors is that they are generally false. A fact that is true, very seldom needs to be rumored. Either it is kept closely guarded or openly declared. When the mind is keyed to a high pitch of excitement rumors are most easily accepted. Of this we had plenty examples during the past war for practically all daily newspapers filled their columns with mere reports that such and such a feat had been accomplished. To the college student rumors of this kind mean but little. Let someone but bat an eyelash to the effect that Christmas vacation will start a week earlier and everybody will be a living

catapult of questions. The biggest fault of rumors is that they cause so much disappointment. If they would only come true once in a while it would not be so bad. Everyone can now see for himself that it does not always pay to believe what one hears all the time and surely this will prove a lesson. The moral of this is to stop and think twice and then stop and think once more before swallowing a rumor too readily.

Spice of Life.

Life to be pleasant must be a reflection of nature, and such it is if we but stop and scrutinize the passers-by in the hallways of time. In them there is unity in variety, but how diverse — "Old heads" are not found on young shoulders; hence we see that more is embraced than can be held, principles foolishly and absurdly chanced upon, are pursued, ruin then stares them point-blank in the face. Soon a sense of disgust and ill-will courses through the veins; life becomes a drudgery; the bobbing ups and downs are seen in all directions; impossible it seems to steer clear of them. Just then what marks the spice of life is unconsciously ignored, the world seems to look out upon them with but cruel, piercing eyes. If we would but in that hour of trying temptation turn up the corners of the mouth and think that it is a bite of seasoning in the comparatively large desert, and yet so small, we would understand and appreciate our lot; then would we feel and know the why and the wherefore of living.



Learning is an activity of the mind which can only be acquired through personal effort. The purpose of spending eight or ten years and even more of one's prime of life in this pursuit is not, as some think, a means to wear away time, but rather to fit one's self out for life — to develop the mind by its own activity. Educational pursuits do not tend to make onesided beings trained to think and act along certain lines only, but to broaden the scope, awaken and arouse the dormant stimuli. Apparently this is not the case; there are exceptions to all rules and these failures can be traced back to the cause of their misfit. Men of every type are encountered daily, some with a broader range of knowledge than others. Some become broad-minded through studying, others by reading and observation. But by far the majority of men are of neither class. That desire for knowledge has seemingly passed away, it is no longer "education for education's own sake" but rather "education for an easier life." The promising allurements of the world divert the attention; before any thought of the idealistic can enter the mind, realism has already engaged the attention. No wonder, then, that all sorts of inducements are resorted to in order to bring back the necessity of learning. Man's whole life is a process of acquiring knowledge; we are never too old to learn. In fact, the greatest men learned their greatest lessons in comparatively old age; history's records are crowded with them. Let us then be encouraged, grip the oar anew and in the midst of the storm remember, "every cloud has a silver lining."

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WE INVITE YOURS

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A Tribute.

A close of the foot ball season would not be complete neither would it be fair if we failed in tribute to Coach Moore. To him we give all the praise, unstinted in its glory. To him that has borne the brunt of the battle go the spoils of the victory. The squad of '20 was surely there with the football goods, but ask them what it was that made them work like they did. The inevitable answer will be "The spirit of Moore." To those who would think we talk vainly, we say, "actions speak louder than words" in proving that the past season has been the best in St. Joe's football history. Consider the team that faced Crane Tech. and then recall to mind the one that confronted St. Procopius. The results were so different that we scarce would have recognized the team and its work had we not known the faces of our players. Surely this change did not evolve of itself. The conclusion is evident. It was the handiwork, "the spirit of Moore." May our hearts, full of gratitude, be able to express an appreciation of his work, that mere words fail to portray. Coach Moore, our hats off to you!

* * * * *

How to Write a Comp.

First take from unfathomable depths of your desk a pencil and a pad; sharpen the pencil on both ends, then begin. Draw a few pictures of Boob McNutt, Andy Gump, and others and give your forefinger and thumb a try out in muscular movement. After this dream for a while on the chances for a free day or on knocking a four bagger through a window in the Faculty Building, in the meantime chewing your pencil into pulp.

Now open your desk and rummage therein for another pencil to chew on and run across a Nick Carter's, slip it cautiously from your desk and into your biggest book. Now pull your eyeshade down over your eyes, assume a studious attitude, and lose yourself in the "Plundering of Kill Kenney's Bank."

You can say a lot of things about the woodpecker, but you'll have to admit he uses his head.

OUR MISSION UNIT.

During the past few weeks our unit has been rather active, exercising all sorts of functions. Two lectures have been given which proved to be of great interest both as a source of education and amusement. The first of these lectures was on the Philippines, and in it, much that was heretofore obscure, was made a bit clearer. The second, on China, was of still more interest to us, as Fr. McShane, a former St. Joe student, is now laboring in the fertile fields of the celestials. Another reason is, much that is of vital importance to that land afar is now stirring the hearts of nations. Aside from these facts, every student that is interested in the work of the missions was all eye and ear. Many more lectures are still to be had during the course of this school year which will greatly help fill the minds and hearts of ardent apostles.

An attempt was made to raise a little sum for the missions and unexpected success crowned the work. After but one day's soliciting almost five hundred chances on a ten, a five, and a two dollar bill were sold. The raffle was held on Dec. 8th after the Newman program. The third number drawn was considered the lucky one; the two smaller prizes respectively going to students Mr. Leach and Mr. Alig, while the big one to one of the workmen, Mr. Ray Scheuer. With such zeal did the students greet the work that many thanks are due them, and may their little mites help in winning souls of the poor heathens, so unfortunately blessed.

Humbug.

The victims of many an unpleasant punishment conspired to avenge themselves upon their persecutor, the professor of science. For this purpose they took the body of a fly, prefixed the head of a spider; suffixed the tail of a wasp; superadded the wings of a katy-did and subordinated the legs of a daddy-long-legs.

With this peculiar co-ordination the delighted coterie hastened to the professor, asking him to name their new discovery. For just an instant he seemed a surprised being. But the eager group failed to see his wonderment vanish and a mind's keen joy take its place. He assembled a formidable array of books; scrutinized the catalogue of genera; used his magnifying glass; again and again readjusted his spectacles; then in the attitude of the thinker gazed intently at the little prodigy, while the almost laughing imposters nudged to each other their delight.

Again the professor looked at the body; at the long, hairlike legs; at the enormous wings. Finally he examined the head, and eying the faction sternly, asked: "Well, does it hum when it flies?" To which after a moment's hesitation the leader replied: "Yes." "Then," said the professor in a tone of triumphant finality and just a little cynically, "Then it is a HUMBUG."

And ever after when men want to epitomize their opinions of a swindle they are wont to call it a humbug.

Today's Possibilities.

I may not when the sun goes down,
Have added to my store
Of worldly goods or gained renown
Through gallantry or lore.

I may not, while I strive today
Move onward to the goal —
The gleaming goal so far away —
On which I set my soul.

But I can show a kindness to
Someone who stands without,
And I can praise some toiler who
Is toiling on in doubt.

And when the sun goes down, I still
May be a better man —
No matter what the fates may will —
Than when the day began.
Sel.

The Lamentations of a Senior.

A Senior was sitting at his desk one dreary evening and not being over burdened with work (?) he soliloquised thusly: "Well, things are sure slow now-a-days. Gosh, all I have to do is to learn about a hundred Greek words for Monday; study a Logic exam right after that; memorize about an act of some Shakespearean play for expression class that afternoon; study a whole play for rehearsal tomorrow night; write a Latin comp for the next morning; compose some kind of an English essay for the morning after and then get a bunch of those Chem formulae down good and solid. A fellow doesn't know what to do any more, I believe I'll just read a good story." With that he opens his desk, pulls out the latest edition of the T—— N—— and starts to read "Chuck Hennepey's Girl."

Still in the Imitative Stage.

Oh, Hank, you are an organ grinder hard and mean
And Sim, your monkey with the mooning eyes.
But know you now, ere long your finest trick
we've seen
We'll jerk you, for this spooning we despise.

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"SMOKES"

"NOTHING AND SOMETHING LESS."

Too True, Brother, Too True!

Christmas vacation is near,
But to many it seems
That the days of our dreams
Shall never, never appear.

* * * * *

Step Lange Writes His Annual Letter to Santa Claus.

O Santa! O Dear Santa,
I want a rubber ball,
And if you don't bring that
Don't bring anything at all.

But I'd like to have a wagon,
To hitch to a pretty star,
So's I could go a-roaming
In the worlds away off far;

A train of cars and an engine
That'll run all by itself,
A pop gun and a whistle,
And a little buckskin elf;

Some roller skates and a rifle
That'll shoot right thru a can —
Oh shucks, Santa, don't bother
Bringing all this, I'm a man!

There is a Reason for most Things.

Inkrott: "I was just reading in this book of psychology and it says the reason men become bald is due to the intense activity going on in the brain."

Rose: "I suppose then the reason you haven't any whiskers on your chin is because you keep it going all day long."

Likewise a Hunk of Lead.

Professor in Physics: "Lawrence, what is density?"

Riley: "I can't define it, but I can give a good illustration."

Professor: "The illustration is good; sit down."

Maybe He Was Tongue-tied.

Greenwell (after having pulled a rabbit out of a hole): "This rabbit didn't make a sound when I pulled him out."

McGill (excitedly): "No, sir, he didn't say a word."

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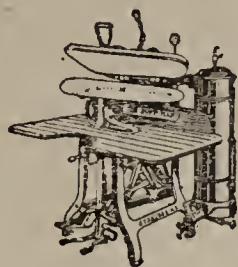
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I was coming up the steps the other day when I accidentally slipped and bumped my nose. Being in a peevish mood I was so gosh-darn mad that I had to start quoting Shakespeare to keep from flying off the handle. The storm had just about blown over when one of the crepe-hangers from the L. S. H. comes up, commenting something like this: "Here's a flower that wasn't 'born to lose its sweetness on the desert air.'"

The scene ended with the crepe hanging on the last bottom step.

Renewing Acquaintances.

Inquisitor: I didn't know that you were going to college! Is this your freshman year?

Hoban: Oh no, indeed! I'm a sycamore.

At the Lunch Counter.

Said a bald-headed man to a waitress bold: "See here, young woman, my cocoa is cold!"

She scornfully answered: "I can't help that; If the blamed thing is chilly put on your hat!"

History Professor: "Francis, in what year did Americus Vesputius die?"

Burke: "Honest, Father, I didn't know he was sick."

Professor: "Urban, use the word gruesome in a sentence."

Koenig: "I came to college and when I returned home my mother found that I grewsome."

Farmer: "Come right in, Jack, he won't hurt you. You know that a barking dog never bites."

Student from the South: "Sure, mister; I know dat; but I don't know how soon he's a-going to stop barking."

Professor: "Can you tell me the two things necessary for baptism?"

Werner: "Water and a baby!"

Help! Help! This column isn't conducted, it's just being dragged along by Yours Truly!

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